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VOLUME XIII PITTTBURGH, PA., DECEMBER 1939 NUMBER 7



THE PARTHENON

FROM THE MODEL IN THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTE

See "The Glory That Was Greece"

(Page 196)

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

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VOLUME XIII NUMBER 7
DECEMBER, 1939

Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonorable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
—JULIUS CAESAR

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The Carnegie Institute will be the final home of every worthy collection of pictures and museum objects when the men and women who have chosen them wish to have the world enjoy them.

—ANDREW CARNEGIE

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ONOREVOLE DIREZIONE:

La Biblioteca Apostolica Vaticana possiede parecchi fascicoli della pregevolissima rivista CARNEGIE MAGAZINE come distintamente viene elencato nel foglio 2489 A.—Poiché la Sezione d'Arte del—la nostra Biblioteca gradirebbe moltissimo di poterla consultare al completo, avendone riconosciuto i pregi e l'utilità per i suoi studi, io mi permetto di richiedere a codesta Onor. Direzione tutti i fascicoli a noi mancanti fino ad oggi, e, possibilmente, i fascicoli che, in appresso, saranno man mano pubblicati.

Spero che il desiderio della nostra Biblioteca possa essere benevolmente accolto da codesta Onorevole Direzione, verso la quale si eleva fin da oggi il plauso ed il più sentito ringraziamento.

Mi onorerà moltissimo un pregiato cenno di risposta alla presente, e, frattanto, con ogni ossequio ed alta considerazione mi confermo.

—A. M. ALBARRADA
Prefetto

This letter expresses the appreciation of the Vatican authorities for the CARNEGIE MAGAZINE, with a request that certain missing numbers be forwarded to complete their files.

The Magazines have been sent, and the Vatican Library has been put on our mailing list.

MAURICE EVANS AT PITTSBURGH DEAR CARNEGIE:

Thank you so much for sending me a copy of your very interesting and excellent article on Hamlet. I greatly appreciate all the interest you have shown.

—MAURICE EVANS

[And, from Mr. Evans' diary of the tour of the play, as reprinted in the New York Times]

PITTSBURGH, OCTOBER 16

It must be something to do with the floods—it takes the Shakespeare lovers from Monday to Thursday in this city to pluck up courage to venture downtown to go to the theater. Next time we'll offer a rowboat with every ticket. Friday and Saturday will pull us out of the hole, so there's nothing to worry about. Under armed guard to a steel mill (in case we were saboteurs). . . .

HAMLET—WHERE WAS PITTSBURGH? NEW YORK CITY

DEAR CARNEGIE:

I naturally am glad to read in the November issue of the CARNEGIE MAGAZINE your appreciation of Maurice Evans' production of "Hamlet" in its entirety. The tour of just eight cities is now over, and all the reviews, like the unanimously laudatory ones in New York, could be printed as advertisements—with a solitary exception: a Chicago notice that cried out with Polonius, "This is too long," but the critic did admit that he "lined up with the barbers." Yet, to keep the record straight, I must point out that unfortunately in Pittsburgh the play was not "packed to

(Continued on page 216)

ANDREW CARNEGIE AT CORNELL

A Grand Christmas Story

BY ROMEYN BERRY

[From the Cornell Alumni News]

THE University has just published a pamphlet which lists the names of Cornell's chief benefactors and designates the nature of their gifts. One line says: "Andrew Carnegie, Filtration Plant, Numerous Gifts." That's just like saying, "George Washington, Colonel in the Virginia Militia and Other Public Services."

Go back to the cold winter of 1903. At that time, you recall, Andrew Carnegie had been a trustee of the University for some years and absolutely nothing had happened outside of Morrill Hall losing its belief in Santa Claus. And then, you remember, shortly after Junior Week an unusually large number of students began to run temperatures, and almost overnight the typhoid epidemic was upon us.

Thirty-six years after the event the details of that horror are still too grim to be recounted. For weeks the campus was fanned hourly by the wings of Death as the bells in the tower were forbidden to ring and no man smiled or looked upon his neighbor.

When the first wave of fear had gone over, there appeared the second phase of the disaster: the hundreds of students who hadn't quite died but whose savings had been exhausted, whose ability to work and earn money had departed out of them, and who faced a task that had been hard enough when they were strong and young and vigorous and which now had become utterly hopeless.

And then one morning the postman came over the stone bridge and up the campus—you remember the silly little mail wagon and the old horse that pulled it—bearing a letter to Morrill Hall that changed the lives of half a thousand sick and hopeless boys. Mr. Carnegie wrote in longhand that he'd

like to do a job that was a little too much for him all alone. Would the University help? He couldn't bring back the young lives that had been snuffed out, but perhaps he could give a timely boost to the students who were down and out and help start them going again. He'd like to put as many as possible back where they had been—pay the cost of their illnesses, make good their losses, and maintain them until such time as they were able to work again. Enclosed please find check to start paying out today, and more would come just as soon as he could be given the figures. He expected collecting these figures would be a hard job, but would the University undertake it as a personal favor to him?

That day, because of Andrew Carnegie, the sun of hope rose again on the campus of Cornell. The Black Death was over, except for the scars it left, and still leaves, on five thousand memories. Eyes grew bright again in scores of helpless convalescent wards.

Andrew Carnegie made millions with a whoosh, and gave them away with a whoop—all except the part of a million that went to save the sick boys at Cornell. And yet I like to think that when the once frightened, hungry, poverty-stricken little Scottish boy who became the king of the American steelmakers stepped up to the Judgment Seat the one item in his financial accounting that tickled him the most—softened up the Recording Angel the most, and made him cry a little—was the one that is now included with "numerous gifts."

Most of Andrew Carnegie's big gifts had been thought up for him by experts; that life line to the sick boys was his own idea, his own baby, and he'd enjoy it all the more, I suspect, because it's been kept sort of confidential.



SECTION OF IONIC FRIEZE ON THE WEST FRONT OF THE PARTHENON

THE GLORY THAT WAS GREECE

A Review of "The Life of Greece" by Will Durant (Simon and Schuster)

BY SAMUEL HARDEN CHURCH

WHEN Andrew W. Mellon and his brother Richard decided to erect a new bank building at Pittsburgh they chose a Grecian model and adapted it to the requirements of financial administration; and when they later determined to promote industrial science for America they drew once more upon the architecture of ancient Greece and erected a temple whose huge columns and spacious dimensions make it one of the Seven Wonders of Pittsburgh. All this they did because the people of Greece, in developing their architecture, many centuries before the Christian Era, had discovered the law of beauty united with strength; and mankind has never been able from then until now to surpass its appealing wonder in their building projects.

The story of a civilization whose culture has been in large part preserved for our emulation is now reconstituted in this remarkable book, "The Life of Greece," by Will Durant. It is indeed the story of the life of a people whose national genius, except as to invention, is unsurpassed in all the accomplishments of mankind; and it is told with a fulness, a charm, and a fascination that must give it a place at the very top in all the literary achievements relating to Grecian history. After reading this book—no trivial task with its 754 broad pages—we find that Greece is no longer a dead entity of shadowy figures, vanishing from human understanding

with the rise and conquests of the Roman Empire, but that its spirit is alive today in an unbroken descent of personality and culture; and that Dr. Durant has awakened this spirit out of slumber into a new activity of inspiration and companionship.

In going back through a tradition which stops itself at the Stone Age, with the possibility of human life on the earth for one hundred thousand years, we come first to Egypt, with the earliest civilization among men, and then to Assyria, which followed close upon, after which are seen the faint beginnings of Greece, in a clear organization of society for strength and protection in the Island of Crete. And it was at Crete that the Greek markings of time begin, around 2500 B.C. Here were people so far socially developed that they possessed long swords and round shields, and ornamented their women with gold bracelets and jeweled pins. Beyond all that, they were tellers of tales, and Homer gathered these stories into a narrative filled with striking legends that linked human life with the life of a large community of gods of more or less frivolous habits, desires, and ambitions. Dr. Durant, like every historian before him, preserves enough of the Homeric legend to illuminate his narrative and give life to his subject.

Homer's "Iliad," with its story of the siege of Troy, no matter how full it is of legend and tradition, must always



SECTION OF IONIC FRIEZE ON THE NORTH FRONT OF THE PARTHENON

be the ground work of Grecian history, and we meet it very early in this book. Troy was situated, according to Heinrich Schliemann, on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, where Priam ruled as king. At Sparta, not so very far away, Agamemnon was king, and his brother, Menelaus, was married to Helen, whose beauty exceeded that of all the women of the ancient world. Paris, one of the seven sons of Priam, on a visit to Sparta, fell madly in love with Helen, and, forgetful of the rules of hospitality, carried her off to Troy, and the Trojan War began. Marlowe, dreaming of Helen's haunting beauty, asks:

Was this the face
That launched a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?

As time comes nearer to us, fable yields to fact in this great story, and romantic adventure is succeeded by the very real Peloponnesian War—the war between Athens and Sparta which exhausted the resources of Greece to such an extent that it opened the way for Rome to make her greatest conquest, and the fall of Greece ensued.

In between the faint and distant years of the beginning of Greece and the years that mark her decadence there is a record of national achievement preserved for us to evaluate beyond any other heritage from ancient times. I telephoned an architect just now to tell me what building typical of architecture was the most important through all the ages; and, without hesitation, he replied: "The Parthenon." Again, I asked a sculptor what was the most beautiful thing of all time in the plastic art; and he answered: "That group of eleven figures, taken from the eastern pediment of the Parthenon, a copy of which is in

the Hall of Sculpture at the Carnegie Institute."

And so it goes. The three great dramatists, Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, and their greatest orator, Demosthenes, are living parts of this civilization. The structure of what we call the classical, or traditional, system of education today comes down to us from ancient Greece through the Romans, combining the whole system into two groups—the trivium, meaning three, and embracing grammar, logic, and rhetoric, making the pathway to literary excellence; and the quadrivium, meaning four, and embracing arithmetic, music, geometry, and astronomy. The ambitious youths of Athens or Sparta, when belonging to poor families, were glad to do menial work at night in order to obtain this instruction from the great masters by day. These seven subjects, first taught in the Greek academies, or gardens, in turn by Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle, formed the basis of education from the Golden Age of Greece—500 B.C.—down through the Middle Ages; and they were retained by the great universities that came into existence during the Renaissance, at Paris, Bologna, Oxford, and elsewhere; and they exist today without substantial change from that fruitful epoch which they still glorify. The advocates of this course believe that it is their task to give to each generation the whole body of culture as it has evolved itself through the ages.

The first educated man was a Greek, Prometheus—a statement which any Egyptian ghost will rise from his grave to challenge—and Prometheus could gain knowledge only by setting his imagination on fire that was snatched

from heaven. Since then genius has never produced her works until she has inflamed her soul with Promethean fire; and the education of the future, in order to be effective in the search for useful happiness, must come hot from the divine torch of Grecian inspiration.

But Prometheus paid dearly for his temerity in putting learning in the grasp of mankind; for Zeus, enraged that the secrets of heaven should be given to men, had him chained to a rock, and sent a vulture each day to gnaw out his heart. The heart grows by night as fast as the vulture consumes it; and for thirteen generations of men the hero suffers. At last Hercules kills the vulture, and prevails upon Zeus to free Prometheus. In this simple story Aeschylus symbolizes the struggle of human will against inescapable destiny, and his theme also embodies the conflict between rebellious thought, or religious heresy, and traditional belief.

In Greece nothing was known of art that was not real art; and all real art was used for the public good. If a man possessed a picture or a statue, he was a public enemy unless he permitted his neighbors to see it. The artist was

crowned with honor on the public rostrum. If Picasso had taken there one of his best paintings—say, "Mother and Child" (1901), which was painted before artistic lunacy had turned his head, he would have been placed beside Phidias; but if he had sent his "Three Musicians" (1922), to the market place, he would have been executed. The rest of the extreme modernists would never have reached the public square alive. For there was never a false note to come out of the art of Greece; the abstractionist would not have been tolerated, he would have been considered a corrupter of art and morals; and if the protagonists of modern art had been there to advocate their favorite interpretation, that "modern art is a combination of the infant, the savage, and the lunatic," they would have been given over to the public hangman, and none would have wept their fate.

But the love of power brought war, and war brought dictators, and the loss of liberty, and the destruction of the rights of man. Physical Greece came to an end. But her soul lives on, and this majestic book, so worthy of the winter's fireside, proves it.



THE PARTHENON AS IT STOOD FOR MANY YEARS

MORE ABOUT LABRADOR

An Account of a Trip to the Grand Falls of the Hamilton River

BY W. E. CLYDE TODD

Curator, Section of Ornithology, Carnegie Museum

[During Mr. Todd's more than forty years at the Carnegie Museum he has been doing research on the Labrador Peninsula. He has made numerous trips about its coasts, leading expeditions for the Carnegie Museum and studying and collecting birds so that he can amass all the material necessary for his final conclusions. In the accompanying article Mr. Todd describes his 1939 trip into the interior of this vast wilderness of land.]



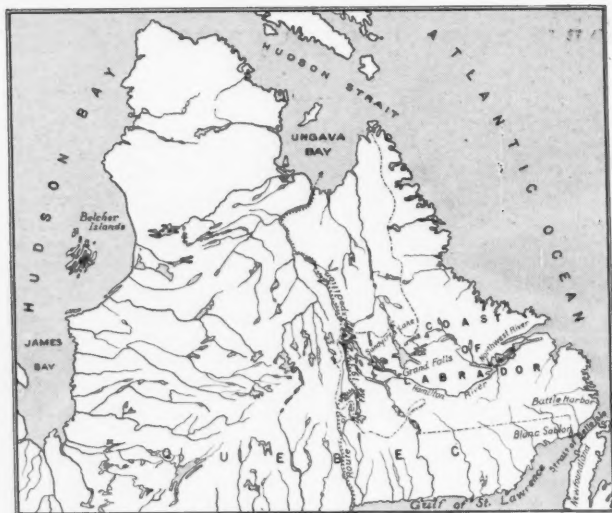
ALTHOUGH it lies right at our doors and just beyond the outskirts of civilization and settlement in northeastern America, Labrador still remains a land of silence and mystery. For many, indeed, the name itself has only a vague significance. Originally applied to the coast lands between the Gulf of St. Lawrence and Hudson Strait, the term has recently been extended, in a political sense, to cover the drainage basin of the Hamilton River, the whole area now being under the dominion of Newfoundland.

In a geographical sense, however, the name Labrador is often used for the vast peninsula that lies between Hudson Bay and the Atlantic Ocean. This little-known area, comprising roughly six hundred thousand square miles, has long been the special field for investigation by the Carnegie Museum, and since 1901, eighteen expeditions have been sent there to study and collect its plant and animal life. Our biological survey of the north country has had for its primary object the investigation of the character and extent of the natural faunal areas or life zones of the region—the Canadian, Hudsonian, and Arctic.

Most of these expeditions were concerned only with the comparatively accessible coast regions, but the 1917

survey—the most arduous and important of all—traversed the peninsula from south to north and afforded the first direct information concerning the natural history of the interior. While this expedition solved certain problems pertaining to the distribution of animal and plant forms, it raised others no less interesting. The changes in the character of the bird life had been traced from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the interior plateau, and thence northward to Ungava Bay, but where and how was the transition effected to the Arctic life zone of the Atlantic coast? The solution of this problem could be achieved only by connecting the two fields of study by means of another cross-country expedition by way of the Hamilton River. This large stream rises in the remote interior of the country, flows at first north and then east, plunges down a high escarpment at the Grand Falls, and finally reaches tidewater at Lake Melville. In 1939 the opportunity came for launching this much-needed investigation.

Our recent expedition was organized and directed by the writer, whose field studies centered primarily on birds. J. Kenneth Dourt, as mammalogist and photographer, and Mrs. Dourt, as botanist, completed the scientific personnel of the party. On June 12 we left Pittsburgh by rail, and two days later sailed from Montreal on the S. S. Sable I. The steamer took us along the north shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, where Mr. Dourt and I had traveled and collected before, to the little village of



MAP OF THE LABRADOR PENINSULA

Blanc Sablon, at the eastern extremity of the so-called Canadian Labrador. The season was extremely backward; snow still lay in deep drifts in the gullies; and a cold north wind blew for days at a time. We stayed at the Hudson's Bay Company's post at Blanc Sablon while we waited for the motorboat that was to take us through the Strait of Belle Isle. This is often a rough and dangerous passage for small vessels, because of fog, shoals, and treacherous tidal currents. Luckily, the weather moderated, and our little craft passed safely through the strait to Battle Harbor. After some days' delay there, we boarded the *S. S. Kyle*, on which we sailed northward along the coast to Rigolet, at the head of Hamilton Inlet. There we secured passage on a motorboat of the

Grenfell Mission, and after an all-night run reached the little settlement of Northwest River in a pouring rain on July 7.

Northwest River is a beautiful spot near the head of Lake Melville, seventy-five miles above its outlet and one hundred and twenty-five miles inland from the coast proper. Although thus little above tide-level, it is nevertheless far removed from the

chilling effect of the cold coastal current that sweeps its burden of drift ice down from the North. The change from the barren, rocky coast, with its truly arctic climate, to the green wooded slopes and the temperate conditions of the Lake Melville region is striking and significant. Garden vegetables, such as potatoes, turnips, beets, lettuce,



"BOILING THE KETTLE"



THE GRAND FALLS OF THE HAMILTON RIVER

radishes, peas, carrots, onions, and cabbages, are successfully grown at Northwest River, as are also several kinds of cultivated flowers. Once known merely as a post of the Hudson's Bay Company, Northwest River has grown considerably in recent years, partly because the Grenfell Mission has established a new hospital there. During the summer months, besides the native white population, there is an Indian encampment on the shore of the lake directly opposite the village.

Rearranging our outfit and packing our supplies took only a few days, and on July 11 we embarked on a motorboat that had been chartered to take us up the Hamilton River as far as the first obstruction—the Muskrat Falls. We sailed across Goose Bay, the southwestern arm of Lake Melville, and camped that night just above the mouth of the river—amid clouds of mosquitoes. The next morning we reached the falls, and the motorboat left us with our canoes and outfit at the foot of the first portage. Further progress was now our responsibility, and here the real work of the

expedition began. We had about eight hundred pounds of camping and collecting equipment, a two months' supply of food, and thirty-five gallons of gasoline for our outboard motor. It proved impossible to crowd these supplies into one twenty-foot freight canoe, so the expedition was perforce enlarged to include another smaller canoe and three guides instead of two. These men, John Michelin, Cecil Blake, and Leslie Michelin, were native trappers who were familiar with the country; they acquitted themselves creditably and took us through without accident. Our first task was to carry all our duffle across the half-mile portage around the falls—no easy matter in view of the steep ascent and descent of the trail and of the rainy weather that now set in.

Once across the portage, we loaded our canoes for the upriver trip. The Hamilton River for its lower course lies in a broad valley, with high, well-wooded hills on either side. From one half to one mile wide, the river here flows between sandy banks that are being eroded by high water, so that



POLING THE CANOE UP THE RAPIDS

many slips and landslides have uprooted the trees and piled them in utter confusion. At intervals we passed low sandy islands in midstream. For the first few days we had easy going, but soon the river began to show its temper. No longer would the motor alone propel our canoes against the swift current. We labored with pole and paddle, and when these also failed, it became necessary to track—that is, to walk along-shore and drag the canoes upstream by means of long ropes, sometimes at the cost of great exertion. The sandy shores of the lower river were here replaced by banks of loose rocks and boulders, piled at such angles in a steep slope that a single incautious or unlucky step was likely to start a miniature avalanche or else throw one off balance.

We toiled along in such fashion fully a hundred miles of the distance to the Grand Falls, our first objective. The rapids were a real test of our guides' skill and patience, and if our progress was slow, it was none the less steady. The hills bounding the valley crowded closer, until at Lake Winokapau they rose almost sheer from the water's edge.

New scenic vistas opened before us at every turn of the river. There were rainy days, when we could not travel, and other days so uncomfortably hot that even the mosquitoes and black flies—those terrible pests of the north country—were driven to cover. At noon each day we went ashore to "boil the kettle" and have lunch. Somehow before nightfall the guides always contrived to reach a suitable camp site, erect our tents, and get us settled for the night. Each evening Mr. Douth hope-fully set out a line of traps, which yielded some interesting small mam-mals. Neither bird nor animal life could be called abundant, either in species or in individuals. In suitable places along the river, however, the vegetation was lush and green, and flowers of various hues added delicate touches of beauty to the general effect.

July 31 found us at the foot of the "Big Hill," fifteen miles below the Grand Falls, where river travel be-comes impossible, and the portage route around the falls begins. Our tents were scarcely pitched when rain fell in tor-rents and continued all that night and the next day. On August 2 we began to

move our stuff across the portage between showers. Our struggles on the river were as nothing compared with those we now endured. The trail climbed a steep hill seven hundred feet high, over fallen tree trunks and other obstructions, and continued for four miles across burnt country to a small lake. Getting the two-hundred-pound canoe up the hill was so hard and hazardous that for a time we were tempted to abandon the effort. The portage route followed a chain of large and small lakes across country that was fairly flat except for isolated hills that stood out as landmarks. The drainage system of this plateau region is complicated indeed; one lake that we crossed had two outlets but no visible inlet. In passing from one lake to another, we usually had to carry everything over the regular portage trails—eleven in all—across dry ground or marshy, but sometimes we guided the canoes along the shallow connecting brooks, where the channel was often obstructed by rocks, while sharp turns made further difficulty. Rainy weather added to our troubles, but on August 8 we reached the "Big Lake," where we first caught sight of the cloud of mist hanging over



CARRYING THE CANOE ACROSS TRAIL

the Grand Falls several miles away.

The next day we came out on the main river again and went into camp six miles above the falls. The weather was still overcast and threatening, with squalls of wind and rain, but on August 12 it looked more promising, and we started on foot for the falls. The river here was a succession of heavy rapids,

impossible to negotiate by canoe. We laboriously forced our way through the bush—sinking into the soft sphagnum moss at every step, wading the intervening brooks, and pulling ourselves up the steep banks—to come out with relief on the indescribably rough, rocky shore of the river, where footing was precarious, but the walking was easier. For the last mile or so my own progress was pain-



LIFTING THE CANOE ACROSS OBSTRUCTIONS



THE AUTHOR LOADING UP TO CARRY DUFFLE

fully slow, but at length I joined the other members of the party at a spot from which we had a splendid view of the most wonderful and striking natural phenomenon in the Labrador Peninsula.

Just one hundred years ago, in journeying overland from Fort Chimo to Hamilton Inlet, John MacLean, an employee of the Hudson's Bay Company, discovered the Grand Falls of the Hamilton River. It was of course known to the native Indians long before this date. Henry G. Bryant, of Philadelphia, whom I met in later years, was the first, however, to publish, in 1894, an illustrated account of a trip to the falls; and A. P. Low, the veteran explorer for the Geological Survey of Canada, described his experiences in 1896. Excepting native trappers, the white men who have seen these falls are still few in number. The name is well chosen, for the spectacle is most impressive. After hurdling over rocky obstructions for six miles

at terrific speed, the waters of the river make their final plunge of over three hundred feet into a deep chasm, where they break into spray that rises as mist in the strong upward air current of this natural chimney and forms a cloud overhead. Rain keeps falling from this cloud, and when the sun shines, a brilliant rainbow hangs over the scene. These

humid conditions seem to inhibit the growth of trees. On the south bank below the falls is a typical "mountain meadow" several acres in extent, with a large snowbank in its midst.

Unlike the falls of the Nastapoka River, on the east coast of Hudson Bay, which I have also visited, the Grand Falls are not overhanging in character, but are more in the nature of a steep chute. For this very reason their eroding power must be enormous. Some hundreds of thousands—perhaps millions—of years ago they must have been



MRS. DOUTT PREPARING A SQUIRREL SKIN



THE CAMP AT THE HEAD OF LAKE WINOKAPAU

located at the foot of the narrow gorge, now known as Bowdoin Cañon, through which the river flows for ten miles below. Some millions of years hence they will have cut back to the head of the rapids—unless, indeed, they are harnessed to give light, heat, and power to those who are already planning to exploit the natural resources of the Labrador Peninsula.

On August 14 Mr. Dourt and two of the guides returned to the falls for more photographs. The next day we resumed the upriver trip. For much of its course the river's identity was now lost in lakelike expansions, with sluggish current and innumerable wooded islands. After passing a shallow rapid at the head of one of these lakes, we emerged upon an arm of Sandgirt Lake and reached the base camp of the Labrador Mining and Exploration Company before dark on August 16. We were hospitably received by the geologist in charge, Dr. J. A. Retty, who kindly offered to send out some of our outfit and specimens by plane to Seven Islands. All the supplies for this camp were being brought in by plane, and planes were in constant use for the prospecting work

carried on from here. From Sandgirt Lake I could see from the east a mountain that twenty-two years before I had seen from the west.

Reluctantly I abandoned the idea of trying to reach Petitsikapau Lake at this late date, and on August 18 we said adieu to our friends at the camp and headed downstream. With the lighter load we made much faster time across the portage route. Rain again overtook us on the "Big Hill" and rendered its descent slippery and dangerous, but once on the river, our progress was rapid. The strong current, which had been the hardest obstacle to overcome on the way up, was now our best ally. Some of the rapids which we had toiled for hours in ascending were run in a matter of minutes. Not until we reached Lake Winokapau were we halted. The lake is an expansion of the river, one to two miles wide, enclosed by steep slopes running down to the water's edge. Once embarked on its expanse, one must either go forward or go back, since there is no place to camp for over thirty miles, and if the wind blows hard, small craft may easily be swamped. Here it was that our outboard motor, which

had been behaving badly almost from the first, chose to break down completely. Mr. Douth's ingenuity and resourcefulness came to the rescue, for with only makeshift materials and few tools he contrived, after hours of painstaking labor, to remedy the damage. Our guides advised traveling at night, when there would be less wind, so we started at 8 P.M. and made thirty-five miles in five hours.

So swiftly did we travel thereafter that, even with delays due to rain and the broken motor, the month's trip up the river required only nine days in the reverse direction. We reached Northwest River on August 27, Battle Harbor—by steamer—on September 5, Blanc

Sablon on September 11, Montreal on September 21, and our trip ended at Pittsburgh the next day.

The chief scientific result of the expedition was the discovery that the valley of the Hamilton River, below the Grand Falls, belongs to the Canadian life zone. This will be elaborated in the forthcoming general report on the natural history of the Labrador Peninsula. The material results, in the form of specimens of the mammals, birds, amphibians, insects, and plants secured on the trip, have been added to the already rich collections of the Carnegie Museum from this general region. The photographs taken have also been added to our files.

GOLDEN OPINIONS OF THE CARNEGIE INTERNATIONAL SHOW

[From an Editorial in "Art Instruction"]

THE Carnegie International, a huge exhibition held annually in Pittsburgh under the auspices of the Carnegie Institute, has become, during the past sixteen years, one of the most heralded and at the same time the most provocative of art happenings in America. Its importance has been heightened by the awarding of cash prizes which time and again have raised a furor of dissenting opinion, as did "Suicide in Costume" by Franklin C. Watkins in 1931, "South of Scranton" by Peter Blume in 1934, and "The Yellow Cloth" by Georges Braque in 1937.

The Carnegie project is an extension of the philanthropy and practical idealism of the Pittsburgh Ironmaster in the advancement of culture and the promotion of peace among men through the exchange of creative ideas. These objectives have been carried out not only through invitations to foreign artists to exhibit their paintings in America, but by the co-operation of foreign artists

who have assisted Homer Saint-Gaudens, Director of the Department of Fine Arts of the Carnegie Institute, in the selection of pictures, and by others who have been invited to America to serve on the juries.

These Carnegie International Exhibitions have made a great contribution to American art. They have brought together a wide range of philosophies and technical experiments. They occupy a place in the art world analogous to international conventions of physicians in the medical world.

Although the Carnegie policy of awarding prizes has frequently been condemned, it should not be overlooked that controversy makes news, and news is as much a stimulant in the art world as in any other. So the Carnegie International has been incalculably effective in focusing public interest in art and in promoting an attitude of catholicity essential to the growth of truly creative art.

—ERNEST WATSON

LUIGI LUCIONI WINS POPULAR PRIZE IN 1939 INTERNATIONAL

THE Popular Prize in the 1939 Carnegie International Exhibition of Paintings was awarded to Luigi Lucioni for "Ethel Waters" as a result of the voting of visitors to the exhibition during the two-week period, November 19 to December 3. Frederick J. Waugh, winner of the prize for five successive years, was second to Lucioni, just the reverse order of last year's voting. While the canvases of Lucioni have always had a heavy vote in the Popular Prize contest since his initial appearance in an International in 1933, this is the first time he has won the award.

The closest competitors to the two leaders, in order of preference, were: "Mrs. Paul Mellon" by Gerald L. Brockhurst, noted English painter and etcher and member of the 1939 International jury of award; "America" by Rockwell Kent, American; "Braes of Angus" by James M'Intosh Patrick, English; "The Young Birches" by Jonas Lie, American; "Ferry in the Tuscan Marshes" by Memo Vagaggini, Italian; "Spain—1938" by Henry de Waroquier, French; "End of the Day" by Charles Burchfield, American; "My Mountain Home" by William H. Singer Jr., member of a well-known Pittsburgh family; "Two Figures" by Robert Brackman, American; "For Ships at Sea" by John Carroll, American; "Farm News" by

Eugene Speicher, American, also a member of the jury of award this year; "Among Those Left" by Ivan Le Lorraine Albright, American; "Lamentations, Chapter V, Verse 18" by Paul Sample, American; "Something about Fall" by Malcolm Parcell, American; and "Georgia Jungle" by Alexander Brook, American, recipient of this year's first prize.

The voting this year was one of the largest in the history of the Popular Prize contest. Almost all the canvases received some votes, and most of the paintings that received awards from the International jury also found favor with the voters, "Georgia Jungle" proving the most popular. "Bus Passengers" by Raphael Soyer, American, and "The Duel with One's Self" by Mariano Andreu, Spanish artist in the international section, were other prize winners receiving an appreciable number of votes.

Mr. Lucioni when he was told of the

award wrote: "I was frankly astounded and thrilled at the news. There may be a variety of interpretations concerning the honor which goes with a popular award, but for me it is more exciting than a jury prize. I belong to the species who wants to paint for his own pleasure and satisfaction and who doesn't care too much for the precious appreciation of just a handful of intellectuals."



ETHEL WATERS BY LUIGI LUCIONI

It may not be such a lofty ambition, but to feel that the people who go to exhibitions chose my portrait of "Ethel Waters" as their favorite, is the most compensating reward that I could wish for. In short, I am thrilled beyond words."

The artist was born at Malnate, a small town near Milan, Italy, in 1900. At the age of eleven he came to America with his parents, who settled in Jersey City. His first art instruction was received at Cooper Union, where he studied for four years, working for his living at the same time as a commercial artist. He later entered the school of the National Academy of Design, where he spent another four years, attending also a Sunday class in painting conducted by William Starkweather. In 1924 he was awarded a Tiffany Foundation Fellowship and the following year visited his native Italy, where he was deeply impressed by the Italian primitives. Lucioni is an accomplished musician and composer as well as an etcher and painter.

His winter headquarters are in New York City, but he spends most of his summers in Vermont painting its high rolling hills—so like those of his own Northern Italy—and its farms and farm buildings. He is represented in The Metropolitan Museum of Art, Whitney Museum of American Art, The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, William Rockhill Nelson Gallery, Addison Gallery of American Art, Denver Museum, Fogg Museum of Art at Harvard University, and Dartmouth College.

The portrait of Ethel Waters, the well-known singer and actress, was painted last spring while she was appearing in the leading part of "Mamba's Daughters." It is not, however, a study of the actress as a character in the play, but Ethel Waters in person. It is simple but effective in design and meticulous in technique.

The painting expresses very well the feeling behind these remarks of Lucioni's: "My chief desire in art, aside

from the genuine pleasure that the craft of painting itself gives me, is to paint not what I see, but what I know and feel about objects and Nature. I love detail, not for its own sake, but as a part of the big masses and design. I admire fantasy in art, but realize that it is not in my make-up. I try more and more to create reality with the simplest means and with all the essential details."

The Popular Prize has been awarded each year since 1924 in connection with the Carnegie International. Malcolm Parcell was the winner that year and again in 1925. Other winners were Leopold Seyffert in 1926, Gari Melchers in 1927, Edmund C. Tarbell in 1928, James Chapin in 1929, Leopold Seyffert for the second time in 1930, Alessandro Pomi in 1931, Daniel Garber in 1933, and Frederick J. Waugh in 1934, 1935, 1936, 1937, and 1938.

The ballots cast in the Popular Prize voting were counted by a committee of three, composed of Walter R. Hovey of the Department of Fine Arts, University of Pittsburgh; W. A. Readie of the Department of Painting and Design, Carnegie Institute of Technology; and Elmer A. Stephan, Director of Art in the Pittsburgh public schools.

J. O'C. JR.

BUT TECHNIQUE IS THE GROUNDWORK

It always will be wrong to look at art in whatever form from the angle of technique. For art, if it has something to convey, will shape its own technique, and the craftsmanship of art will always remain secondary to its spirit. For art springs from emotion as well as from the brain, and while the technique, the learning, and the ability of the artist may develop or deteriorate as time goes on, it is really the emotional and the spiritual life of the artist that shapes the appearance of his art.

—COUNT FERDINAND CZERNIN

EDUCATION FOR ALL

Education is the opportunity that should be given every citizen to realize himself, to the full extent of his intellectual talents, in the culture of his age and place. It is an instrument for the proper distribution of a common birthright.

—T. R. ADAM



THE GARDEN OF GOLD



ELLA F. LAW, of Erie, Pennsylvania, learned to cherish a high admiration for the Carnegie Institute of Technology—so high, that when she passed away, it was found that she had by will left to Carnegie Tech the residue of her estate, valued at \$10,000. An enthusiastic reader of the *CARNEGIE MAGAZINE*, Miss Law believed that Carnegie Tech was a creation that was destined to add the happiness of success to thousands of lives through the dissemination of synthetic knowledge in education; and she properly felt that she herself could touch many of those lives by this beautiful bequest in connection with the distribution of her own estate. The money value of the gift has not yet been ascertained, but, regardless of the sum, the thought that led her to make such a will is a power for good that through faith is going to bring to Carnegie Tech the full measure of its required \$4,000,000 by 1946 in order that it may receive from the Carnegie Corporation of New York \$8,000,000 at that time, making \$12,000,000 of new endowment. A remembrance here and a remembrance there in the wills of people who look with co-operative and friendly eyes upon this arduous task of Carnegie Tech will help enormously to bring the school to the goal at the end of the six years that remain for its accomplishment.

There is no stopping the students and graduates in their unbreakable rush to pile up this growing Endowment Fund. Here are some of their names that have come in since last month's report: William Ball Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Spenser Brittain, W. C. Dodge, A. L. Heston, Fred Karn Jr., Marie Kley, John F. Maxwell, Joseph A. Musgrove, C. W. Oettinger, W. Earle Otis, Philadelphia Women's Clan, Philip O. Roberts, Helen Schneider, Hazel F. Stonerod, William H. Venable, Ruth Anderson Waddell, W. R. Wayman, O. S. Weniger, and

George M. Wile. This group has contributed \$106.50.

Another group, which has given \$377, is composed of these alumni: Elkan A. Avner, James A. Barber, M. R. Baum, Ellen V. Becker, J. Richard Brindel, Mary Craighead Brinton, Harriett Calhoon, Harry R. Cameron, William F. Carenbauer, Joseph F. Christoff, Marjorie Cribbs, Josephine Gibson Eckert, Ralph W. Emerson, James S. Gerber, Cora E. Gerwig, Lydia B. Glock, Sophia B. Hamstrom, Jeanne C. Hartman, Golda McClelland Heminger, Fred L. Hunt, L. S. Jacobson, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Jameson, Arthur R. Johnson, Enos M. Johnston, Catherine Keppel, A. J. Kerr, Mary G. Kreh, Mrs. A. S. Kreider, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Kunkel, L. H. Lee, Mary Ride Lees, Samuel S. Levin, A. J. Lois, L. C. Lustenberger Jr., Betty Mackey, Raymond M. Marlier, David G. Marsh, R. D. Mayne, W. A. McGill, Robert B. McKie, Philip and Emily Morrison, Emily K. Mulert, D. A. Nemser, Rosalind W. Noble, Roscoe J. Patterson, Esther Petrick, Tressa Petrick, Mr. and Mrs. James R. Power, Don D. Reed, Maurice Reswick, H. Sagan, Dorothy D. Savage, C. B. Schmidt, Louis A. Scholl Jr., W. C. Seabright, Ambrose C. Sedlachek, Hoffer and Katharine Sload, Elizabeth B. Steele, Grant Stone, Jean S. Stovall, Maurice Strubnitz, Ruth A. Tejan, Wilmer H. Tucker, Richard H. Williams Jr., and Ruth Barton Young.

Adding these two cash sums of \$106.50 and \$377 to the other cash amounts that have been contributed to the work carried on and recorded here since April, 1927, we have the following totals in gifts: for the Carnegie Institute, \$1,260,231.49; for the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh, \$34,379.12; and for the Carnegie Institute of Technology, \$1,544,387.65; or a grand total of \$2,838,998.26.

PIONEERING NEW FRONTIERS

BY WILLARD E. HOTCHKISS

Maurice Falk Professor of Social Relations, Carnegie Institute of Technology

[Excerpts from the Carnegie Day Address, November 28, 1939]

THE Carnegie family back in Scotland, caught in the throes of technological unemployment, found romance mingled with the economic urge that beckoned to America. In his autobiography, Mr. Carnegie concludes a reference to the situation which made the family leave Scotland, with these words: "The decision was taken to sell the looms and furniture by auction. And my father's sweet voice sang often to mother, brother, and me:

To the West, to the West, to the land of the free,
Where the mighty Missouri rolls down to the sea;
Where a man is a man even though he must toil
And the poorest may gather the fruits of the soil."

From the vantage point of Dunfermline, Pittsburgh in 1848 was indeed a distant frontier, but historically the actual frontier had advanced westward. To borrow a phrase from art, Pittsburgh was rather "in the middle distance" between the settled East and the wide spaces to the west. Its significance at the time Andrew Carnegie appeared on the scene lay chiefly in its emerging function as a national workshop. In the second half of the nineteenth century when Mr. Carnegie was making his imprint upon American industry, settlement of the West still bulked large in public policy. But the crucial problems of American society were gradually shifting from geographical to industrial and technological frontiers.

Foremost among the instruments of settlement after 1850 was the railroad. In order to build and equip railroads and to make better agricultural implements available for cultivating the lands of the West, the steel industry had to be improved and expanded. While this was happening, the great food-producing industries—meat packing and milling—and the lumbering industry were de-

veloping and were providing new market outlets for products of the forests and of newly settled areas. . . .

However much the lack of free land may have changed the channels into which American energy and capital have been directed in latter years, it has obviously neither arrested economic progress nor done away with opportunity. Carnegie replaced the mystery man with the chemist. In our day chemistry has expanded into an empire, the vast realm of metallurgy has unfolded; we have stainless steel, alloys joining great strength with light weight, and plastics of incredible flexibility. Development of electronics and research on the frontiers of physics have brought similar results. Invention, engineering, and business have built the new processes and the new products of science into new industries, new jobs, and new comforts. Mere mention of the automobile, the radio, the airplane, and motion pictures is enough to show that disappearance of geographical frontiers has not brought stagnation nor choked initiative. While private industry has been supplying us with every conceivable convenience, governments have built networks of hard roads into every corner of the land, and with imposing structures in which, in the typical case, engineering and art are happily blended, these superhighways have been carried boldly over and under our waterways and our mountains. Government, private enterprise, and voluntary groups, devoted to every conceivable end, have utilized technical facilities to stimulate commerce and social intercourse, and to tie the remote sections of the country together in an entirely new pattern of American life. . . .

The twentieth century has brought a

change of outlook. Thoughtful people now look forward to even greater scientific and technical achievements. We have drawn extensively for the introductory part of our social-relations program upon a symposium on the current scientific scene which the magazine "Science" published in August, 1938. Arthur Compton, of the University of Chicago, contributed a paper in which he predicted that within a century our limited petroleum supply will be greatly supplemented by artificial liquid fuel, and he expressed the view that one of the major problems of physics in the future will be to investigate all sources of energy, including the inexhaustible flow of energy in the form of radiant heat from the sun and stars.

Similar views about their respective fields are advanced by other scientists. Professor Urey, of Columbia University, predicts that chemistry will supply men with better clothing from better fibers of the textiles with which we are familiar today and will produce many textiles as yet unknown. New fertilizers, he believes, will enable the arable areas of the earth to support greatly increased populations, and he might have noted the progress already made in growing plants without soil. Houses, he thinks, will be made of materials not yet discovered and will be more durable, more beautiful, and more easily constructed. Not only is chemistry in the process of transforming our daily lives, but the chemist and his colleagues in the biological sciences

have opened possibilities for standards of physical and mental health on levels that have never been approached. But it would be "carrying coals to New Castle" to remind this audience of the hundreds of promising projects under way in scientific and technical laboratories from which we may expect new machines, new processes, new products, and new modes of life. Even if there

should be a tapering off of these developments, ample scope for creative achievement and limitless opportunity for better living will be found in bringing our present technology within the orbit of enlightened social policy and purpose.

Dr. Compton concluded the article to which reference was just made with this significant comment: "It has become clear to all who have their eyes open that the great power given to man by his new knowledge of the world may be used either to his good or to

his harm. Without co-operation, we have seen that this knowledge cannot be made fully effective. If men divide into antagonistic groups it may become terribly destructive. When it becomes sufficiently evident that the welfare of the more powerful communities depends upon co-operation rather than upon strife with others, we may expect such co-operation to be not far distant. The growth of physics, through its great advances in communication, its highly specialized and interdependent industries, and the great power given to industrially organized communities, is rapidly bringing about just this con-



WILLARD E. HOTCHKISS

dition, where strife endangers everyone and co-operation gives rich rewards to all. Thus, not only does physics need well-organized civilization for its own development, but it is in itself a powerful factor in stabilizing such a co-operative society." . . .

Philanthropy is an ancient institution, but Carnegie, as is well known, rejected the idea that giving is merely a voluntary expression of benevolence and made it definitely a public obligation. From this premise it follows that the obligation should be discharged with informed regard to public needs. This principle became the keynote of the great research and service foundations which constitute so unique an American contribution to social advance. The forms in which Carnegie concentrated benefactions upon culture, teaching, and research revealed remarkable insight. Carnegie funds have had profound influence on patterns of twentieth-century philanthropy. The size of the Carnegie fortune gave a range to his endowments that only the Rockefeller fortune could parallel. But when we consider what other foundations, notable among them our own Falk and Buhl Foundations, are contributing to understanding of human problems and to competence in handling them, we realize what splendid pioneering Carnegie did on this new frontier. . . .

The aim of social science is to approach its problems with methods as scientific and as free from the bias of unproved assumption, of misdirected emotion, of unenlightened selfishness, and of provincialism as those which dominate physics and chemistry. Conditions underlying objective research are complex in all fields. In the social sciences, obstacles in the way of controlled experiment, the inevitably high degree of contingency in analytical procedures, the fact that units of study consist of variable human beings, that environmental conditions are never in equilibrium, and that results are not easily demonstrable—all these present difficulties and mean that conclusions

are frequently couched in terms of varying degrees of probability rather than in definitive laws.

A further difficulty has to do with techniques for observing and appraising data. Keen discrimination is of course always required in handling data but today, press, radio, and a wide variety of agencies disseminate information that is frequently pertinent to scientific study. Some of them also disseminate misinformation, much of it in subtle forms. The wary scientist is better able than the layman to evaluate these barrages of argument and suggestion but, even though he escape personal contamination, the influence of misleading propaganda on the general public is one of the serious handicaps in appraising social situations as it is in dealing with them.

Set over against the obstacles just noted is the advantage that history is always revising the conclusions drawn from research in social fields. The findings of social-science research, matured by experience, exercise a vast influence on American institutions. Progress momentarily may not depend, however, as much on cloistered research as on experience in utilizing knowledge already at our disposal. Social science is not unique in this regard. The principle of learning by doing is universal, and many experiments in social affairs, even some that scholars do not sanction, prove to have value either positive or negative. Be that as it may, civic zeal and effective machinery for full utilization of knowledge which we now possess are clearly essential. . . .

The race of Pygmies has an ancient lineage. At the other end of the scale, can we calmly view the world today with all its imperfections and believe that giants are extinct? It may be true that we are not as well equipped as our fathers were to solve their problems but I submit that we are vastly better equipped to solve our own. When I say equipped, I mean ourselves, not our tools. But we also have the tools, and when we compare social with physical

science let us not forget that it was a long, weary, and obscure road from a Galileo to a Compton.

Technology has given us command over goods vastly greater than man has ever known or contemplated. We learned how to make them; is it too much to hope that with all the means at our disposal we can learn how to divide them and, at the same time, how to build and conserve in our civilization everything essential to the

ultimate destiny and the dignity of free men?

American society has now carried its advance guards from a geographical frontier on an epic journey across frontiers of industry, commerce, and finance, frontiers of science, frontiers of technology, to these final frontiers of human relations and world order. Well may we acclaim the wisdom with which Andrew Carnegie dedicated his fortune and helped pioneer the way.

OUR NEW TRUSTEE

CHARLES J. ROSEN-
BLOOM was born at Steubenville, Ohio, the son of the late Sol Rosenbloom and Celia Rosenbloom, on April 13, 1898. After his graduation from Yale University in 1920, he removed to Pittsburgh, where he now holds many responsible positions on various industrial and philanthropic boards. A list of these useful and absorbing memberships will indicate how enormous must be the reservoir of energy required for their aggregate attention: trustee of the Carnegie Institute and the Carnegie Institute of Technology, president of the Rosenbloom Finance Corporation, director of the Pitt National Bank, director of Falk and Company, president of the Jewish Philanthropies of Pittsburgh, president of the Hebrew Institute of Pittsburgh, treasurer of the



CHARLES J. ROSENBLOOM

United Jewish Fund of Pittsburgh, president of the Tree of Life Congregation, board of governors of the Hebrew University of Palestine, executive committee of the United Jewish Appeal for Refugees and Overseas Needs, finance and executive committees of the Pittsburgh Symphony Society, board of directors of the Pittsburgh Playhouse, and board of directors of the Council of Jewish Federations and Welfare Funds.

In spite of these labors of Hercules, he can still be a patron of the arts. His collection of prints, one of the finest in America, was recently on view at the Carnegie Institute. His enthusiasm for music finds expression in his co-operation with the Pittsburgh Orchestra. And Pittsburgh, in everything that affects its religious, social, and industrial welfare, has an unbroken claim on his attention.

PATRONS ART FUND PURCHASE

"Georgia Jungle" by Alexander Brook Added to Permanent Collection

THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTE has acquired through the Patrons Art Fund the painting "Georgia Jungle" by Alexander Brook, which was awarded first prize in the 1939 International. This makes the thirty-eighth painting added to the permanent collection through the Patrons Art Fund, which was established in 1922.

The canvas is fifty inches in width by thirty-five in height and is signed "A. Brook, 1939" in the lower right-hand corner. Painted last winter near Savannah, Georgia, it is a broad landscape with figures, depicting a Negro couple with their four children standing beside a stagnant pool with a row of tumble-down shanties in the background. A scene that because of its subject might be desolate and forlorn has been changed, through the artist's technique, appealing textures, and sympathetic handling, into an authentic American document, sensitive and beautiful. The figures in the foreground are well placed and with their perpendicular lines complement the horizontal lines of the field. Helen Buchalter, in the November number of the "Magazine of Art," wrote about the painting as follows: "A superb piece of painting which does not parade its virtuosity, the canvas is one of the few genuinely poetic transcriptions of Americana to come out of the entire back-home movement. It is a sympathetic portrayal of a desolate bit of the South, conveying its emotion by the pure use of the painter's medium, in which technique, emotion, and subject are a harmonious blend. It does not rely on the observer's pre-knowledge of Georgia share croppers but creates for itself a unique world based on objective reality."

Alexander Brook was born in Brooklyn in 1898. As a boy of twelve he had a serious illness, and it was then, while

bedridden, that he first became interested in painting. In 1915 he entered the Art Students League in New York and began his actual artistic education. He spent four years there, winning a scholarship and other honors, and working principally with Kenneth Hayes Miller, and also under the instruction of John C. Johansen, Frank Vincent Du Mond, George Bridgman, and Dimitri Romanofski.

After leaving the League, Brook became a penetrating student of painting, an instructor at the Art Students League, an author of interesting reviews and articles on art and artists, and assistant director of the Whitney studio galleries, where through his efforts many young artists obtained initial showings. He had his first exhibition at the Brummer Gallery in New York in 1922. In 1929 he was awarded the Logan Prize and Purchase Fund at The Art Institute of Chicago. On his first appearance in the Carnegie International in 1930, his painting "Interior" won second prize and the Albert C. Lehman Prize and Purchase Fund. He was awarded the Temple gold medal at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts in 1931, and the same year was granted a Guggenheim Fellowship. In 1934 the Carnegie Institute presented a one-man exhibition of his paintings, and in 1935 he served on the jury of award for the International. His paintings hang in most of the leading galleries of the country and in many private collections.

Alexander Brook is a distinctly American painter. His training, outlook, interests, and enthusiasm make him express himself in an American way. His statements are personal and native, as in "Georgia Jungle." His work is virile and robust, and he displays a brilliant facility, inventiveness in composition, and ease in maintaining

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freshness of vision. Too thoroughly schooled to ignore the niceties of execution, which many painters nowadays disclaim, he is an excellent technician in spite of his absorption in combining the forceful recording of fact with his own personal expression. Throughout his canvases there is a fine texture to his painting which does not rely on tricks of surface. He loads no literary or philosophical elements on his canvas. His subjects are directly indebted to the consideration of everyday existence. He paints interiors, still life, flowers, informal portraits, and landscapes. His talent is the instinctive and unforced pouring forth of his own vigorous personality, but in the midst of his most hearty enthusiasm there is a marked order and an urge for a fine expression.

The Patrons Art Fund, through which the Brook has been acquired, was established seventeen years ago, when the late Willis F. McCook offered to give \$10,000 in ten annual instalments for

the purchase of paintings for the permanent collection of the Carnegie Institute, with the stipulation that nine other art patrons should be found who would match his gift. These conditions were not only met very shortly but were exceeded when fourteen subscribers pledged duplicate sums. The list now numbers twenty-one, and it is with gratitude that their names are repeated here. Their generosity has permitted the Department of Fine Arts to add a large number of important paintings to the permanent collection of the Carnegie Institute. They are: Mrs. Edward H. Bindley; Paul Block; George W. Crawford;* B. G. Follansbee*; Mrs. William N. Frew, in memory of William N. Frew; Mrs. David Lindsay Gillespie and Mabel Lindsay Gillespie, in memory of David Lindsay Gillespie; Howard Heinz; Mary L. Jackson,* in memory of her brother, John Beard Jackson; George Lauder;* Albert C. Lehman;* Willis F. McCook;* Andrew W. Mellon;*



GEORGIA JUNGLE BY ALEXANDER BROOK

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Richard B. Mellon;* William Larimer Mellon; F. F. Nicola;* Mrs. John L. Porter;* Mrs. Henry R. Rea; William H. Robinson; Ernest T. Weir; Emil Winter; Mrs. Joseph R. Woodwell* and Mrs. James D. Hailman, in memory of Joseph R. Woodwell. New members are eligible to subscribe at any time.

*Deceased.

J. O'C. JR.

INTERNATIONAL TO CONTINUE

WHILE the 1939 Carnegie International closed formally on Sunday, December 10, at 6 P.M., the European paintings will still be on view on the third floor until January 21, 1940. The American paintings are being returned, as is the usual custom with all the entries in the show, but because of the war the European paintings must be held at the Carnegie Institute for an indefinite period. Approximately 180 paintings from England, France, Germany, and Italy will remain in the galleries, until they must be removed to make room for other exhibitions.

HAMLET—WHERE WAS PITTSBURGH?

(Continued from page 194)

the doors at every performance." Pittsburgh in that respect was the one disappointment of the tour.

"Hamlet" was first presented here as far back as 1817. The impressive list of Hamlets on local stages during the one hundred and twenty-two years since that time bears out what has been true everywhere: "Hamlet" was the most popular play ever written. The past tense, I admit, is cynical, but with good reason. For the first time in all that period Mr. Evans presented the play in all its richness of texture, all that Shakespeare wrote. Here, one would think, the culture of our community [Mr. Kenyon is a Pittsburgher] would make the most of a historic, exciting occasion. Charles Collins, doing a Mr. Pepys on the editorial page of the "Chicago Tribune," observed for Chicago what was reported to me from every other city:

"Pleased was I, too, to find so many young people in the audience who were seeing the play for the first time in life and thinking it wonderful, as it is. Between the acts, in the lobbies, they buzzed with excitement, as if they had been taken into a new world, and I thought, 'You never see people come out of a movie so stirred in their minds and hearts.'"

Yes, once the audience was there, this was the effect. But why weren't—leaving out the mere playgoer—the high-school and college alumni and alumnae, their great body of teachers in these environs, and the club women devoted to the arts filling the empty seats? For my contention is that if only they had come to Mr. Evans' "King Richard II" and "Hamlet," the theater could not have housed them at the eight performances. It did not seem to matter that the house was scaled to provide more cheap seats than was possible in any other city. Pittsburgh just didn't get around to going to the play until the last performances. Why? Time was when Hamlets followed hard upon each other's heels here, and playgoers apparently didn't say, "Oh, I've seen 'Hamlet'; I don't need to see it again."

The profoundly observing tell us today that education must deepen our attachment to our cultural heritage amid a world that sees ideologies extirpating all ethical norms inherent in that culture. Is it doing that? But one actor is presenting Shakespeare to one hundred and thirty million Americans today, and there are empty seats in Pittsburgh. No one questions that Shakespeare is the supreme expression in the English tongue of our idealism, moral values, humanism of mind and heart, yet we are less than eager to see his masterpiece, for once complete on the stage of 1939. I simply ask, "Why?"

Were Mr. Evans' great success with Shakespeare in but three seasons on Broadway less than unparalleled in our time; were there no rumors of the exciting quality of his idea of presenting Shakespeare today abroad even unto rural districts of Iowa, Indiana, and Wisconsin, one might understand. That hypothetical, nontheater-minded person to whom you explain that Shakespeare must be delivered in the grand style, not in the pedestrian naturalism of the photographic drama of journalism, surely is of no consequence. Nor is the type that would tie Hamlet to Mantell, or Sothorn, or Hampden, or Barrymore, and have closed minds thereafter. Edwin Booth might fairly have commanded such suffrage, yet he wisely declared:

"Hamlet is the epitome of mankind, not an individual. He is a sort of magic mirror in which all men see the reflex of themselves. If an actor's personation of Hamlet is consistent with his conception, and that conception is intelligible, it is true. What right have I, whose temperament and mode of thinking are dissimilar to yours, to denounce your exposition of such a puzzle as Hamlet?"

No, the trouble is not that the Hamlet of Maurice Evans could have had more bulky press books of universal praise, but that we—Pittsburgh—somehow just aren't there when it comes to Shakespeare. When Wilson Barrett had to defend himself in magazine articles for presenting the youthful, vital Hamlet who is Mr. Evans' conception, Shakespeare was alive with Pittsburgh playgoers. Just what has happened to the generations since, and why?

—ELMER KENYON



"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

Reviewing "Daughters of Atreus" by Robert Turney



BY HAROLD GEOGHEGAN

Professor of the History of Art, Carnegie Institute of Technology



ONE HAS TO admire the courage of Robert Turney, the author of "Daughters of Atreus," in attacking a subject that has been so superbly handled before him by the Greek tragic poets. It is not as if he had challenged comparison with only one of them either, for Mr. Turney has combined the plots of the "Agamemnon" by Aeschylus, the "Electra" of Sophocles, and the "Iphigenia in Aulis" of Euripides in a single play. Even the hardy Elizabethans seem to have steered away from the Atreus legend, and that must have been due to their unwillingness to vie with their illustrious predecessors, rather than to the nature of the savage and bloodthirsty legend, which would have attracted rather than repelled them.

That Mr. Turney's courage has not been altogether justified, not even his most ardent admirers—he has several—would, I think, deny. "Daughters of Atreus" has vigor and sincerity and some moments of real beauty, but when we think of Clytemnestra and Electra and Iphigenia, it will still be Aeschylus' and Sophocles' and Euripides' evocation of those legendary figures that will come to our minds.

The fact is that "Daughters of Atreus" has too much plot. The fortunes of the family of Agamemnon are traced from the Iphigenia episode that precedes the Trojan War up to the murder of Clytemnestra and Aegisthus. There is hardly

time to develop the principal characters completely, especially since the author has thought fit to introduce a great number of characters that do not appear in any version of the legend, as well as scenes that do not seem to have much relation to the main theme. Critics have spoken of the original and modern motivation given to Clytemnestra and Electra; personally, I was unable to find anything that was not to be found in the Greeks.

"Daughters of Atreus" is written in a sort of rhythmic prose. At least that is the way it is printed. As a matter of fact, so many of the phrases fall into the shape of regular five-stressed blank verse that I was under the impression at times that I was listening to a drama in verse. There were too many inversions and other outworn poetic dodges, so unnecessary when the poet has not bound himself to some kind of formal verse form. Lines such as "Those who in the madhouse of their own emotions dwell, go mad at last," or "The deeds of others have made desolate my life," strike an artificial note, especially when they are juxtaposed with lines of modern, conversational prose. On the whole, however, the language falls gratefully on the ear, and there are many passages that are beautiful and finely imaginative.

In spite of the faults of the play and the obvious inexperience of the author as a playwright, "Daughters of Atreus" is no mere academic treatment of an old legend. The fierce old tale is told directly and holds the spectator's interest, and also the characters of Clytemnestra and Electra and the old nurse, Polymnia, are alive and real. Mr. Turney has so concentrated his atten-

tion on the women of the legend that the men are shadowy by comparison. Orestes does not seem much more than an excitable young man, or Agamemnon more than the conventional warrior-king. While there is, of course, every precedent for it, the introduction of the character of Cassandra—excellently played, by the way—seems a mistake, and the frequent ensemble scenes with the attendants of Clytemnestra—suggested probably by the Strauss-Hofmannsthal "Electra"—were feeble and very much in the nature of padding. There was one perfectly awful example of comic relief.

Since in this production the names of the characters were pronounced in the accepted fashion, I have used the familiar forms of spelling. Mr. Turney prefers Klytaimnestra, Iphigeneia, Elektra, and so on. Perhaps it is more scholarly to give these Greeks their Greek spelling, though I never can quite feel that Oulumpus is the same place as Olympus. Nor is the spelling always consistent. Aesculapios is neither Latin nor Greek. Did not the Greeks call him Asklepios? The names of the invented characters are not very happily chosen: Nerissa and Hero, Vortigern and Cheops seem to have

strayed in from other places with far different connotations!

When "Daughters of Atreus" was played in New York a few years ago with a German Clytemnestra and a Russian Polymnia, the critics were agreed to a man as to the lack of unity in the method of acting. It appears that every style, from the grand manner to the most modern mumbling school, was used on the stage at the same time. Mary Morris, who directed the play at the Little Theater last month, saw to it that this criticism, at least, should not be deserved. Although there were shortcomings, owing to the necessary lack of experience on the part of the actors and the exigencies of casting, the performance was an admirably unified one. All Miss Morris' actors were working in the same method—a broad, dignified style fitted to the lofty subject. There was no attempt to modernize by the piling up of little would-be realistic touches that are so tempting to the actor and often so momentarily effective. After all, Electra was not just any little neurotic girl who did not get on with her mother, but a princess of the house of Atreus. Anxiety to achieve a broad style sometimes degenerates into pomposity and artificiality. This



PHOTO BY HUGH F. SMITH

STUDENT PLAYERS IN A SCENE FROM "DAUGHTERS OF ATREUS"

fault, too, seemed to me happily avoided.

As a rule I notice very little difference between the two casts. In this case the "tall" cast seemed to me definitely the better, at least as far as the Clytemnestra, Electra, and Orestes were concerned. The part of Clytemnestra was played with feeling and a sense of style quite unusual in a young student. If her diction tended to become indistinct and confused in moments of great emotion, that is a fault that a little more experience ought to rectify. The Electra did not give, I suppose, what could be called a technically good performance. She seemed to have little control over her movements or her voice, but the performance was, to me at least, an exciting one, and the very lack of control in movement and voice seemed in a way to fit the character of the fanatical and half-crazy Electra. The only Polymnia I saw gave a touching rendering of the wise and loving old slave-nurse, and the Iphigenia was delicately played. The men were given less opportunity, but the Orestes was played with distinction, and the Agamemnon used a fine voice well.

In the other cast, the Clytemnestra was a kinder and more domestic person than I imagine her to have been, but her final scene, where she is no longer the fierce queen but a weary disillusioned woman, was played with great feeling. The Electra gave an intelligent account of the part.

The numerous small parts were not usually double cast. Most of the performances do not call for any special mention, but the Calchas made a striking appearance in his scarlet robes and delivered his lines with an impressive sonority. The three little girls in white of the ritual dance in the last act—I have forgotten their names and do not know exactly why they were there at all—were charmingly young and innocent.

Charles Holden gave us a finely proportioned and becomingly austere setting for the "Daughters of Atreus." It

was a cleverly contrived unit set which served for the great hall of the palace, Clytemnestra's chamber, and even, with slight changes, for the seacoast at Aulis. The shallow steps that led up toward the backdrop afforded more opportunities for effective grouping than were always made the most of.

Mrs. Kimberly's costumes had fine color and variety. They did not look particularly Greek to me, but then stage costumes rarely do, and I do not quite know why. Perhaps actual Greek costumes did not really look like their representations in sculpture and vase-painting, perhaps it is that moderns have lost the art of wearing garments that depend not at all on the shape or the making of them, but entirely on the manner in which they are worn. The simplest costume that men ever wore seems to be the most difficult to reproduce.

FREE LECTURES

[Illustrated]

SUNDAY AFTERNOONS AT 2:15 P.M.

LECTURE HALL

[There will be no lectures during the holiday season, that is, on December 24 and 31].

JANUARY

- 7—"Canada, the Greatest Dominion," by James C. Sawders, world traveler and former Pittsburgher.
- 14—"Friendly Finland," by Major Sawders.
- 21—"Around the African Continent," by Edith Bane, lecturer, world traveler, and expert photographer.
- 28—"Picturing Miracles in Plant and Animal Life," by Arthur C. Pillsbury, famous photographer of plant-life development.

THAT SHELF OF BOOKS

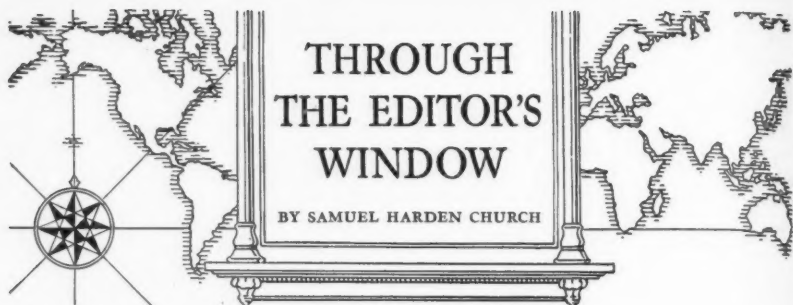
The works of great writers doze with their backs to us on our shelves for years, but they are dangerous company. Potent spirits lie imprisoned in those leather bottles. The names inscribed upon them are names which have defeated time, and may exert a formidable spell on us.

—LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH

PICTURES THAT LISTEN

When you judge pictures, remember that the pictures, in turn are judging you.

—FORBES WATSON



WHEN WILL GERMANY ATONE?

FROM an esteemed reader comes this: "I agree with all you say against Hitler, except that he is ignorant. Is he not, on the contrary, a well-informed and clever man?"

I have formed my judgment of Hitler after reading his book and all his speeches and witnessing all his crimes. He does indeed possess a certain facility of language which enables him to express well enough the malignant threats that rise in his heart against the human life and the statehood of all his neighbors. And he has the cleverness of a highwayman. But that is as far as his imagination can carry him. On the other hand, he has no familiar acquaintance of any kind with those principles of Christianity and civilization, of morality and benevolence, of dignity and peace which enlighten the minds and bless the policies of decent rulers. He has never risen in his soul above the humble station of his early manhood, and when he now undertakes the conquest of all the kingdoms of this world, it is the house-painter's ladder that he ascends in order to behold them within the boundaries of his own intelligence. As an ambitious adventurer who has seized power and is using it for the destruction of what civilized men value most, that is, human life and its possessions, he is hopelessly ignorant.

When Richard Coeur de Lion, returning from the Crusades, escaped from his Austrian prison and started home

for England, the King of France sent a fast messenger to his friend, the regent John, with this word: "Take heed to yourself, the devil is unchained." Adolf Hitler, not knowing how retribution works its inevitable toll upon wicked men, has unchained all the devils in Europe, until he has put a continent in flames. And now he sees his personal ruin coming on the wings of the whirlwind. Confronted by the greatest navy and the greatest army in the world, he finds moreover that the evil genius that he drew out of the Russian bottle is now perched on his back.

It is well understood in England, in France, and in this country that the German people can have a just and righteous peace to take effect before breakfast tomorrow morning if they will atone for the crimes of Hitler by such reparations and such punishments as a new government representing their conscientious obligations can propose.

DANGEROUS LARGESSE

THE newspapers report that a baseball player in Cleveland, who receives a \$10,000 salary, has applied for money-relief payments on the ground that he will be unemployed through the winter months. Two baseball players from Columbus, Ohio, were referred to in the same statement as having made similar relief applications.

It is a startling story. It proves what all observing men have long foreseen—namely, that the growth throughout

America of the theory of something for nothing is destroying the self-reliance of our people. Seven years ago it would never have entered the head of any man receiving a salary of \$10,000, or of \$1,000, to apply for indigent relief. Men were trained in those days to spread their incomes over the necessities of the weeks and months of the year; and the man who found himself with idle time in the winter because of seasonal occupation would do other work—as much to keep himself busy as to make a little extra money.

But not so now. These baseball players—and how many thousands of similar cases in other branches of seasonal employment are coming to the surface we wot not—have shown how easily the fine type of American character, inherited from sturdy ancestors, can be dissolved when every demagogue is shouting for free ham and eggs and an unearned income for every citizen. Is the nation falling for it?

What has become of modesty, of self-respect, of that inner fortitude which made our people of seven years ago hold their heads with the highest in the land? In that most ancient of English manuscripts, in the moment of danger when Beowulf is engaged in a fatal struggle with the fire-breathing dragon, his friend Wiglaf, hastening to his aid, calls to him from the cliff in these inspiring words: "Remember, in your youth, you always promised that you would never let honor go. Bear yourself well. I come, I come!"

Are we letting honor go?

STAGE VOICES

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS, in opening a delightful lecture at Pittsburgh, stepped close to the amplifier and said: "I want you all to hear me. I don't understand why the actors in New York invite us to attend their plays, and then keep their voices so low that we cannot follow the plot. Their dialogue doesn't carry beyond the fourth row. They should speak up—up to the gal-

leries—so that every syllable shall be heard."

There was never a better or a more timely criticism spoken. Many of the theaters in New York are large, but large or small, they do not possess acoustic qualities so perfect as to carry to the limits of the walls the voices that are really so often inaudible on the stage itself. This defect of the legitimate drama—the defect of unhearable speech—is a matter that brings the cinema into a vast advantage of public favor, because the dialogue of the cinema can be, and is, regulated to meet the oral demands of each auditorium. The regular play can easily be disciplined by its producers so as to overcome this criticism. A youthful visitor to the New York theaters said in my hearing that he had twice visited the play, "Abe Lincoln in Illinois," once in New York and later at Pittsburgh, and that if he had been asked to write a reproduction of the whole story, he was sure that he had not intelligently heard more than the single scene covering the Lincoln and Douglas debate; and that even in that scene Douglas' voice was far superior to Lincoln's. My own experience in both cities confirmed this censure.

Another case is that of Alfred Duff Cooper, who spoke at Pittsburgh, and was asked, because of a not too strong voice, to speak through the amplifier. When he did this, he was heard, but when half of his hour was used away from the desk, there was a quite natural loss of interest and attention.

Perhaps the time has come, in this age of scientific adjustment, to make habitual use of the amplifying system in every theater. When that is done, what an added joy we shall have in sitting back in our chairs with the rising of the curtain, and absorbing the story of every play with the acoustic ease that comes to us in the movies!

If Mr. Phelps, in bringing this question to the front, can induce the managers to compel their actors to speak up, he will make of himself a new Hamlet,

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

whose advice to the players to "reform it altogether" will give a new authority to the constructive criticism of the modern theater.

GOD RETURNS TO SCHOOL

By an action of extraordinary courage, wisdom, and importance, the Board of Public Education of Pittsburgh has decreed that our children of the public schools shall no longer be without religious instruction in their studies. It is now arranged that all the children shall choose their own instructors—Protestant, Catholic, or Jewish; that they shall attend religious classes daily at their own convenience as to place and time; and that they shall receive credits for religious training as a part of the regular curriculum.

It is high time to take this tardy step. Through our narrow intolerance we have driven religion out of the public schools, and in doing that we have influenced many of our children to enter upon the first steps of criminal careers. It is our fault that the streets are full of youthful bandits. Let us now depart from foolishness. Let us gather together all the precious children of the Republic, and under one consolidated school system, with this three-divisional protection, nourish them with the water of life as lambs of the Good Shepherd.

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